
T H E

CRISIS.

NUMBER XL. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, October 21, 1775. [Price Two Pence Half-penny.]

An Ideal SKETCH of a FOOLISH KING finished.

Continued from the last Number.

To the KING.



HUS fall by standing Armies, innocent Individuals unrevenged?—Thus, and only thus, can they be useful—to a wicked Administration, and a Tyrant. In such a Scene as I have just supposed, the most villainous Prince (without half the Spirit of his Mother) may stab by Proxy. In such a Reign neither Liberty, Property, nor Life, are safe. Religion (though he has sworn at the Altar to maintain and defend it) is as little so. Suppose a Foolish King (so tender of the Blood of his Subjects) should still, through the Patience and long sufferance of his People, remain unshaken in his Throne; could it be adviseable for him to lay himself still more open to the just Resentment of a brave, a spirited, and feeling People? Would he be wise, though he practised all the outward forms

of

of sanctimonious Piety in his Palace) to risque a change of the established Religion in any part of his Dominions? Could any political Pretences reconcile such a Step as this, either to his People or his Conscience? Could such a rash Attempt be considered in any other Light than as a daring Prelude to a more extensive and decisive Stroke? Suppose such a Prince had not the Capacity to plan, but only give his dumb Assent to such a Scheme, would he be less culpable than the other Parts of a corrupt designing, treacherous Legislature, who ventured to enact it? Might not such a foolish, such a wicked King, be truly said to be at the Head of a Faction! Or might he not (upon Revolution Principles) be stiled a Traytor to his People?—The consequence of such Treason must, and ought to be, as fatal to the Sovereign (upon those Principles) as to the Peasant.

A King of England holds his Crown, at this Time of Day, upon a strict Conformity to the Principles of Government, established at the Revolution. This Engagement makes a part (and a most essential part) of his CORONATION OATH. If he suffers these Principles (this mode of governing by Law established) to be violated in any Part of his Dominions, he is clearly guilty of wilful Perjury; of a more corrupt Species of Perjury than the low Villain who is suborned to commit it in a Court of Justice. The importance of the Case aggravates the Crime. He breaks the solemn Contract made with his People at the Altar. This People are the whole collective Body of Subjects throughout his whole Empire. By breaking this Contract he becomes a Deceiver of his People, and a Betrayer of their Rights. When I say a Betrayer, I mean a Traytor. The words are synonymous. In this Case of Contract (for there always must be one, either express or implied, between Sovereign and Subject) the Obligations on either Side must be reciprocal; and, consequently, if a Subject is guilty of a Breach of Allegiance on his Part, he becomes a Traytor to his King; on the other Hand, if a King is guilty, on his Part of a Breach of Contract, he must necessarily be a Traytor to, or Betrayer of, his People. If such a Subject ought to die, such a King ought not to reign. A Nation may better endure another Saint, or Martyr, in the Calendar, than another Fool or Devil on the Throne. Such a wretched Shadow of Royalty, might chance to suffer, not for his own proper demerits, but for confiding too far in a corrupt Set of Men whom he thought his Friends; he might even happen to suffer for confiding in the Wisdom of a corrupt Parliament. Such a Prince, meanly content with the flattering Name of King, would, in a delirium of Confidence, leave the actual Sovereignty

to be exercised by those who duped him. Unacquainted with Men and Things, however impatient of the Leading String, he must endure it, because he would feel himself in a perpetual State of Infancy. Natural Pride must, in this Instance, and in many others, yield to natural Weakness. With an Education too narrow to enable him to think or act like a Man, he would still stand in need of Lectures from his Tutor, like a Child. If a mere Machine might be said to act, so might he.

Unapprized, or stupidly inattentive to the Fate which has constantly attended those unhappy Princes, who have been the Dupes of Favourites, under the specious name of Friends, such a King would persevere in lavishing Honours upon the most odious Person in his Kingdom. To him, alone, or to his Under Agents, would such a Prince open his Eyes, his Ears, and his Heart. From that baneful Quarter, only, would he receive Advice; under that pernicious Influence he would act, and upon such infidious Counsels would he risk the Dignity of his Crown, the happy Establishment of his Family, the Welfare of his People, and no small Portion of his Empire. He would be taught to look upon the Laws as the Instruments of his Pleasure not as the Rules of his Actions. Mad thus a Tyrant in Theory, the happiest Circumstance of his Reign would be, his wanting Courage to attempt the Practice, at least near the Seat of Empire.

The Necks of his Subjects (by that Advice which he confides in) would first be bowed to the intended Yoke in the remotest Parts of his Dominions. If they, after the necessary Intimidations had been used, received it tamely, he would piously hope that the Contagion of Slavery might be artfully and gently diffused, till it made its Appearance as well in the Senate as the Palace. Sure from such a Conduct, to meet the Hatred and Contempt he justly merited, he would anxiously shun the public Resentment, and lead, as much as possible, a Life of domestic Obscurity, like his Brethren, the Tyrants of the East. This by the Sycophants of his Court, would be called a Love of Retirement, a Sign of conjugal and parental Happiness; perhaps a pious Retreat for the Performance of religious Duties; at least, a necessary Relaxation from the Weight of Government.

But,

But, alas ! in this splenetic and sullen Refuge from the greatest Happiness of a Patriot King, the grateful Acclamations and reiterated Blessings of a happy People, even in this remote Asylum from the public Eye, such a pent-up-Monarch (if native Stupidity did not blunt Reflection) would count the bitterest Moments of his Life.

Look in upon a foolish Prince in these Hours of Seclusion, sacred (as his Minions would insinuate) to public, conjugal, parental, and religious Duties, and he will, probably be found, like another DOMITIAN, catching Flies, and giving them the Torture ; or in some Amusement no less puerile.

Instead of turning his Mind, like the King and Father of a Country, to political and princely Studies, behold him intensely busied in disposing the Pictures in his Baby-house in new Lights, or shewing his Abilities, as a military Draſſman, in sketching out a new Pattern for a Button to a Birth-day Suit. — Turn your Eyes hither, ye Potentates and Princes of the Earth ! Behold here a Blaze of Majesty ! Admire such Magnanimity, and tremble at such an Enemy ! —

Let us now view this Solomon in the Zenith of his Glory, encircled by his Flatterers, and receiving, greedily, the humble Offerings of courtly Incense in his Palace. Even here he will seem to want Dignity in his Manner, Grace in his Address, and Affability, though he may affect to smile. The sparing Tinge of a generous Education will appear through all the Trappings of Royalty. Poverty of Mind is not to be concealed beneath a gorgeous Habit. Even a Crown must first receive the Lustre it reflects.

When a princely Education has been designedly and wickedly withheld, Nature must be liberal indeed, or the Character of Majesty must be strangely inconsistent. Such an unfinished Scrip of Royalty must be hot, precipitate, perverse and overbearing in Council; cold, pusillanimous, and inactive in the Field; averse to receiving any Advice himself. Uxorius, yet not constant; sanctified, not religious; avaritious, yet profuse; sullen without Spirit; obstinate without Fortitude; rigid without Virtue; tenacious without Reason; assuming without Abilities; longing

longing to be absolute, yet timid in effecting it; trembling to invade, yet basely undermining public Liberty, by the mercenary Endeavours of every Tool he can corrupt; wounding, like a daftardly Assassin, in the dark, that Constitution which he has not the Courage to destroy, or even boldly to attack. An Adept in the mean Arts of Perfidy and Treachery, but a mere Novice in the kingly Art of Government. A nominal and pretended Guardian of the Laws, yet a secret Abettor of those Traytors who, at his own Instance, daily corrupt the Source from whence they flow. Of a Character too equivocal to be feared as a Tyrant, or beloved as a King, he is the first at Heart, and the latter only in Appearance. Perpetually mistaking Men and Things, Means and Ends, his Government would produce Anarchy and Confusion; his tyrannic Principles, Resistance and a Revolution. With a Mind busy, yet pusillanimous, he would, probably, pursue mechanical and artificial, more than military Knowledge; but his Patronage would discourage, his very Name disgust and damp all Genius. If he affected the liberal Arts, and should be prompted, not by Taste, but Vanity, to encourage, or to fancy he encouraged them, he would, most assuredly, mistake the Means, by meanly patronizing one Party of Artists against another. His despotic Disposition would break forth even in the slightest Instances, and thus absurdly would he blast and cherish with the same Breath. Royal Academies might be instituted, Royal Professors might make sycophantic Orations in Honour of their ROYAL MECENAS, but still the Arts wou'd droop, if not die. Under the Auspices of so weak a Patron, should they unexpectedly preserve their Vigour, it must be owing merely to public Taste, not to Royal Affection and Caprice. What if he should take it in his Head to study Stars more than Men, and busy himself more about the planetary than the political System? What if he should lend a patient Ear to the nauseous Flattery of Painters, Fidlers, Mechanics, and Buffoons, yet reject with Scorn and Insult the repeated Supplications of the fir't Metropolis in his Kindom? What Name, what Censure, what Contempt, what Ignominy, would he not deserve?

But I am tired with the irksome Contemplation of this Mass of Royalty; born, alas! to grasp, not to sway, a powerful Scepter; to squander, not to apply, an immense annual Revenue. Too much a Child to know an End of Prodigality, too little of a Man to set Bounds to his Revenge. As the one has no Object, so the other has no just Cause.

I want

I want Patience to dwell longer upon the Portrait of this ideal Monster. If Nature ever furnished its Original, his Kingdom must be distressed indeed.

However, before I quit this motley Character, this vile Compound of heterogeneous and unprincely Qualities, I will try to penetrate this lumpish Mass of indigested Majesty with one short Word, and then plunge it in Oblivion, with Contempt.

If this vain Idol hath Ears, and heareth let it hear this honest and wise Precaution, given to crowned Heads by the discerning Lord Bolingbroke: "Let not Princes flatter themselves," says that great Statesman, "they will be examined closely, as well in private, as in publick Life, and those who cannot pierce further, will judge by the Appearances they giye in both."

C A S C A.

* * * No. XLI. will be addressed to the People of England upon the Meeting of Parliament (alias the Conspirators) to register Edicts of an ungrateful Tyrant.

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N O T Y R A N N Y.

Number Forty-One of the Political Paper called the C R I B B.

UPON THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT, AND THE COMMITMENT OF
STEPHEN SAIRE, ESQ; TO THE TOWER OF LONDON, WILL BE PUB-
LISHED BY T. W. SHAW, IN FLEET-STREET, ON FRIDAY NEXT, THE
27th of October, at NOON.

ADDRESSED to THE PEOPLE of ENGLAND.

ON THURSDAY next the HELLISH Senate meet,
To lay our Rights down at a TYRANT's Feet,
See PIOUS GEORGE quite prostrate to the South,
Adoring ROME, this Label in his Mouth ;
" MOST HOLY FATHER, being firmly join'd
" In league with HELL, and BISHOPS to my Mind,
" A Senate too, and Lords, SLAVES, true and kind ; }
" Down at your SACRED FEET, I humbly bow,
" I, and my SLAVES, th' Associates of my Vow ;
" A Vow, nor Fire, nor Sword, shall ever end,
" Till my whole Empire, to YOUR Footstool bend ;
" Thus arm'd with Zeal, and Blessing from your Hands ;
" I'll raise my PAPISTS, and my IRISH Bands
" And by a noble, well concerted Plot,
" Manag'd by MANSFIELD, and Lord BUTE my Scot ;
" I'll make AMERICA and BRITAIN know,
" That Streams of BLOOD, throughout my Reign, shall flow :
" I ne'er can fight in a more GLORIOUS Caue,
" Than to destroy their LIVES, their RIGHTS, and LAWS.

N.B. Forty Numbers of this spirited Paper are already printed, and will be sent
to any Part of London, or England, (Carriage Free) by directing to T. W. SHAW,
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